

Christmas is a holiday for all men because no particular race or religion may claim it as a unique heritage, a sole possession. The Wise Men who brought gifts to the Child in the manger were not Christians, because that faith was yet unborn. They were Arabs from the desert places who may have lived benightedly and died in their ancient superstitions. The Child was not a Christian either; He was, in his earthly lineage, a Jew, a subject of the pagan empire of Rome. And in course of the ages, the customs which associated themselves with His birthday festival became pantheistic as well as Christian. Some of the gods and saints of Scandinavia gave the day of days a new setting of fir and holly and of yule logs and ushered in a mythological Kris Kringle. There is little to remind one of the camel-borne Magi in the rubicund Santa Claus, wrapped in furs and with his freighted sledge borne by spectral reindeer. And over the Christmas day the northern aurora shone as well as the star of Bethlehem, and today in every land and among every people it finds its fond, if not worshipful, observers. In all the five races of man may be discovered those to whom Christmas means as much as it does to any who honor it in the Caucasian and the Christian spirit.

In no other fashion could the gracious influence of Christmas be so all-pervading. The day has something in it that appeals to all; that reveals primary impulses and hopes. Your Buddhist or Confucian servant brings you a gift in its honor and receives one in return. Between the Jew and the Gentile comes the gracious savor of the day. From all the princes of India the British King will receive royal gifts. Out of the hut of the South Sea Islander will come the shining Christmas face; from the shack on the Indian reservation will reach the friendly and expectant band; in heathen temples the largesse of the day is known; from Jewish wealth will come succor to the universal poor. One cannot narrow such a holiday, nor bind it about one creed. Its roots are too deep for that in the nature of humanity.

Lincoln Steffens Makes Mistake

Our friend Lincoln Steffens has held court in Everybody's Magazine on the Founder of Christianity in the matter of the driving of the money-changers out of the temple. He can't reconcile it to Christ's teaching—"Resist not evil." His conclusion is: Jesus lost his temper. He forgot his theory. * * * In brief, Jesus sinned. He sinned against His own teachings.

Wrong, Lincoln, wrong! You may not explain it in that way. You may say you don't believe the story because it is not consistent with Christ's teachings and character as you understand them. Or you may say that you do not understand how to reconcile the story with the precepts. But the explanation you have given is one that sometimes you will probably withdraw. Verily the muckraker habit has a strong hold on you, and it is to admire the confidence in your own judgment that it has begotten in you. It was a sublime confidence, Lincoln, until you took that short step that made it ridiculous. You will have to retrace that mistaken step. Here are two or three lines to help you:

The state of mind in which Christ lived is the truth He taught. * * * Whatever He was saying or doing, He was always conveying the same truth—the whole of it.

You need not hurry with your retraction. Any time will do. But meanwhile you have disclosed the present dimensions of your mind: It is not supernaturally inclusive, Lincoln. To be more Christlike than Christ is a very considerable undertaking.—Harper's Weekly.

The Lookout Man

Now, listen, little children, and I'll tell a story true—
And better you remember, for it means a lot to you—
For if you heed the lesson, then when Christmas time is here
You'll get a lot of presents and a lot of Christmas cheer.
The Lookout Man is walking when the stars begin to peep
To see if little children are in bed and fast asleep;
And all who act up naughty and don't mind their ma's and pa's
The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

I knew a little fellow once who got real bad, and said
He didn't care for Santa Claus, and wouldn't go to bed;
And said he didn't have to mind—O he was awful bad,
And didn't seem to care a mite in making folks feel sad.
But when it came to Christmas Day he didn't get a thing,
For Santa Claus had heard of him and not a thing he'd bring.
He knew that bad boy's record—better mind your ma's and pa's
The Lookout Man is watching and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

I also knew a little girl who was just awful bad.
She wouldn't get her lessons and she always got so mad
If anybody told her to be still and hush her noise—
Well, she was always wishing for a lot of Christmas toys;
But when 'twas Christmas morning, to her wonder and surprise,
An empty stocking hanging in the corner met her eyes.
You see, she acted naughty—better mind your ma's and pa's
The Lookout Man is watching and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

The Lookout Man's peeping through the windows every night
And counting up the children who are always acting right.
And going off to bed at once when told it's time to go,
And never pouting, not a bit, or taking clothes off slow.
He puts them in the good book, but the bad ones in the bad,
And when he writes a bad one, O he looks just awful sad
For he knows they will get nothing—better mind your ma's and pa's
The Lookout Man is watching and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

Gompers

"Labor was grossly deceived," said Mr. Gompers with considerable emotion.—Daily Worker.

Yes, it was. But were you? Was it news to you last week that the men were guilty, or was your emotion due to the announcement that they had confessed? If any one has been serviceable in deceiving labor about the McNamaras, it has been you, Mr. Gompers! Burns thinks you have been convinced for months past that those men were guilty, and Burns seems quite apt to think right.

Why did you do it, Mr. Gompers? Was your heart really with the dynamiters and sympathetic with their methods, or was it only that you thought there was a chance to get them off if all trades-unionism would line up to do it?—Harper's Weekly.

The Seattle woman who horsewhipped a judge who decided a case against her was probably too mad to wait for the recall.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

China is handling its insurgent movement so poorly that it is feared the new Emperor has a judicial temperament.—Kansas City Star.

Woodrow Wilson says "the Democrats are willing to give every one a voice." Certainly they have enough to go around.—Harrisburgh Telegraph.

The chief trouble with the trust plans to dissolve seems to me that they don't dissolve anything but the savings of the public.—Philadelphia North American.

Uncle Walt The Poet Philosopher

Now comes the cheerful season when people smile all day—and is there any reason why it should pass away? The bells in yonder steeple can't always give their sound, but why can't human people be kind the whole year round? If I can grin like thunder throughout the Christmas day, why can't I grin, I wonder, in August, June or May? If I can make folks happy when Christmas is on deck, I never should be scrappy, nor make of joy a wreck. When Christmas comes I'm mellow, I bubble fifty ways, and when I meet a fellow I wish him happy days. But after, when I meet him, I sound no joyous note; with surly nod I greet him and try to get his goat. On Christmas, in my palace, the children play and dance; I tighten up by gallus, and whoop around and prance, until they think I'm dotty or jagged on Christmas cheer—for I am stern and haughty the balance of the year. This time I'll try to capture the Christmas atmosphere, the Christmas glee and rapture, and run it through the year.

Copyright, 1910, by Geo. Matthew Adams.
WALT MASON.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

PETE PHILLIPS—Kilauea is particularly active just now, and is presenting a wonderful sight.

HENRY HAPAI—I bet I will enjoy Sunday and Monday as much as anybody. A good rest appeals to me as much as anything.

W. T. POPE—We will be down in our temporary quarters soon now. It will not take long to shift our office furniture and books.

PAUL SUPER—I find that the holidays are a bad time to try to organize anything, but by the beginning of the year we will have some big things under way.

L. S. CONNESS—The temperature in Hilo is nearly as warm as it is at the Volcano, since the wharf matter and Marston Campbell came up for discussion.

FRED L. WALDRON—The meanest man I know is the one who will take a newspaper away from a newsboy, read it and then hand it back without paying for it.

CHARLES STANTON—Lots of people want to see the Southern Cross, but don't know where to look for it. If they'll look at Wilhelmina Rise to night, they'll see it.

PURSER SMITH (S. S. Sierra)—Captain Dowdell has had three ships sold under him—the old Zealandia.

H. M. AYRES—A nation gets part of its vocabulary from the corruption of words of other nations. "Popoki," for instance—the Hawaiian for cat. The natives heard the first white men who landed on the islands call a cat "poor pussy," and with them the cat has been "popoki" ever since.

"Under The Coconut Tree"

By H. M. Ayres.

A local firm advertised the other day that they had the finest line of a certain class of goods in the United States.

Nelson B. Lansing is evidently jealous of getting the town "frazzled."

'Tis the glow of warm hearts, not the sun, you see,
That ripens the fruit on the Christmas Tree.

Christmas is rather an unfortunate time for longshoremen to go on strike.

In the coming football game the Town team should Collar-ado.

A long distance talking race should take well here, judging by some of the performances which are daily put on record. Such an event would prove excellent training for prospective candidates for the next election.

The more lumber soars the less likely it is to be saved.

The Advertiser the other day suggested that a Christmas Tree for the quarantined immigrants would convey to the newcomers the real significance of Santa Claus. It wouldn't be a bit surprising to learn that Santa Claus, alias Kris Kringle, alias Father Christmas, is a familiar personage with the kiddies of the old world.

CHRISTMAS ROSES

By Mary Riley Smith.
I gave into a brown and tired hand
A stem of roses, sweet and creamy white.
I know the bells rang merry tunes that night,
For it was Christmas then throughout the land,
And all the skies were hung with lanterns bright.

The brown hand held my roses gracefully;
They seemed more white within their dusky vase.
A scarlet wave suffused the woman's face:
"My hands so seldom hold a flower," said she.
"I think the lovely things feel out of place."

O tired hands that are unused to flowers!
O feet that tread on nettles all the way!
God grant his peace may fold you round today,
And cling in fragrance when these Christmas hours,
With all their mirthfulness have passed away!
—Selected.

Go to will go too from jail to freedom.

Now that Russia has forced the American treasurer general and financial adviser out of Persia, the latter talented individual may well be referred to as Bhooster.

Christmas Eve my dear friends comes
To weary hearts to glad 'em,
But ain't it strange we've never heard
A word of Christmas Adam?

The slogan of the garbage clearers:
Haul's well!

The wind's just right for was-sailing.

Hawaii has no mistletoe,
But it we shall not miss
As long as something green grows near
And lips are ripe to kiss.

Doesn't it strike you that the
wheels of the water-wagon seem to be
creaking rather significantly today?

May your Christmas be bright and
merry, withal,
May friends to your threshold come
flocking;
And to add to your glee, from the
Cocoanut Tree,
May a nut travel into each stocking.

CHINESE COLONY

(Continued from page one.)

been brought fairly into the way of being established.

"Still more surprising is the statement of the proposition that China is not ready for a republic. Is the revolutionary party not prepared, after having got hold of sixteen provinces and shown itself capable of handling all the great affairs, coming up swiftly, in a proper manner? Are its leaders not capable of coping with matters of peace that will succeed those of war after having shown such great capacity in the strain and stress of hostilities?

"It seems to me that there is some secret and ulterior motive at the back of the reported action of England and Japan. Are they opposed to having a stable government created in China by the will and effort of its people, which will administer the national and international business of the country without giving partial favors or advantages to either individuals or nations? They must be afraid of something.

"If those outside nations only knew the feeling of China's masses they would hesitate before attempting intervention. Unless they be wise now they may find out the real significance of the present movement some day to their sorrow.

"Instead of fostering up a corrupt government they ought to go in and help the new government supporters, who are doing the same as the Americans did 130 years ago. What right have they to send an army into China? Not any more than the Chinese nation had to interfere in the matter of the British lords' veto bill.

"Monarchies one after another are disappearing and it looks as though these two great monarchical allies, of the extreme east and extreme west, are really trembling for the future of their own systems when they see what is happening in China, and therefore wish by interference to check the progress of the example."

SANE CHRISTMAS EVE.
(Continued from page one.)
handed right over immediately they are available.

Navajo Was Santa Claus Boat.
The naval tug Navajo carried Santa Claus for the marines at Bishop Point, Pearl Harbor. She went down to the harbor this morning with the money for the marines who are stationed there. Just how much money she carried was not stated, but it was a nice little sum, for there are a few hundred of the khaki-clad boys down there in camp.

Consult P. M. Pond, constructing contractor, telephone 2890, about artesian well drilling.

WANTED

A Furnished House

Three Bedrooms Preferred, but could get along with two.

Must Have Garage or Carriage House

Rent and Care of Premises Guaranteed.

Bishop Trust Co.,
Limited

924 BETHEL STREET
Honolulu

"YOU HAVE THE NEATEST ASSORTMENT OF JEWELRY IN THE TOWN."—Customer.

This was the statement made the other day by a lady who had never entered our store.

If you have not seen our stock we would invite you to come.

J. A. R. Vieira & Co.
JEWELERS
113 Hotel Street

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN WOOLENS AND TWEEDS for

Business
Suits

\$30.00 to \$37.50.

HIGH-CLASS TAILORING

J. E. ROCHA

ALEX. YOUNG BUILDING,
SECOND FLOOR

The Colonial

offers unequalled accommodations, meals and service to holiday guests.

MISS JOHNSON,
Emma Above Vineyard

O. S. S. SIERRA.

Notice is hereby given that the S. S. Sierra will sail from this port February 6, 1912, instead of February 7, and on return trip will sail from San Francisco February 16, bringing her here the morning of the 22d of February in season to see the Annual Floral Parade.

C. BREWER & CO., LTD.,
Agents, Oceanic Steamship Co.

FOR RENT

Three 2 Bedroom Cottages in Cottage Walk\$18.50 per Mo.

FOR LEASE

School Street17,475 Sq. Ft.

Suitable for Building Site.

FOR SALE

Residence Sites, Pacific Heights, Tantalus, Sea View, Kalaial and Punalu.



Hawaiian
Trust
Company
Limited

222 FORT STREET.

HOUSES FOR RENT.

Furnished.

Tantalus, 3 B R.\$40.00
Kaimuki, 8th Ave., 3 B R. 40.00
Center Avenue, 2 B R. 20.00
Nuuanu Street, 6 B R. 75.00

Unfurnished.

Waipio, 3 B R.\$12.00
Wilder Avenue, 6 B R. 50.00
Wilder Avenue, 4 B R. 20.00
Young and Pawa, 4 B R. 25.00
Wilhelmina Rise, 2 B R. 33.00
Palolo Road, 3 B R. 30.00
Dowsett Lane, 2 B R. 20.00

TRENT TRUST CO. LTD.

Waterhouse Trust

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Building Lot, Prospect St.\$2100.00
Building Lot, Manoa Valley. 1350.00
Building Lot, Kaimuki 700.00
Modern bungalow, College Hills 6000.00
House and Lot, Kalauea ave. 2000.00

FOR RENT.

Furnished house, 6 mos. from Dec. 1, 1911 60.00
Unfurnished house, Manoa Valley 50.00
Young street 30.00
Kalauea Ave. 20.00

Waterhouse Trust

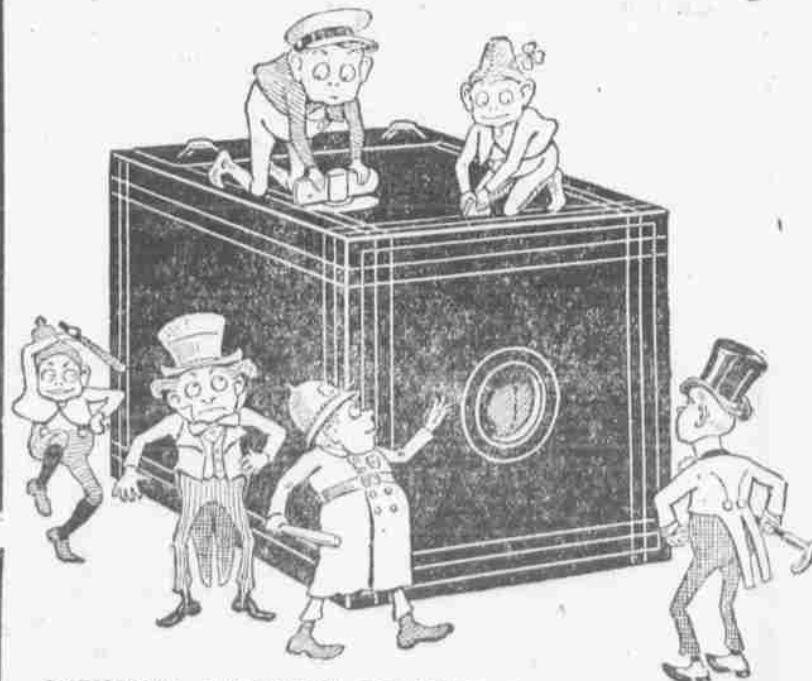
Corner Fort and Merchant Streets.

SEND HOLIDAY GREETINGS BY

WIRELESS

to friends at sea and on the other islands.

BROWNIE



CHRISTMAS HAPPINESS FOR THAT BOY MEANS FINDING A

Brownie Camera

WAITING FOR HIS FIRST SNAPSHOT.

COME IN AND WE WILL SHOW YOU ALL THE BROWNIE FAMILY.

THEY WORK LIKE THE KODAKS.

KODAK ALBUMS
DARK ROOM SUPPLIES AND ACCESSORIES.
PYROGRAPHY OUTFITS AND DESIGNS FOR BURNING.

Honolulu Photo Supply Co.

"EVERYTHING PHOTOGRAPHIC."

Fort, near Hotel.

Fort, near Hotel